

Two Thanksgivings.

The lights shine out within the castle hall, The sound of music echoes through the night, And waxes taper, clustered on the wall, Glimmer above the banquet table bright; For, year by year, fair youth and beauty meet To jest and dance to strains of music sweet.

Through waning hours around the banquet, there They revel in the gay and festive scene; Yet on those lovely faces, unaware, Bests oftentimes a discontented mien: For all this life of ease and pleasure's sense They give no thanks, no worthy recompense.

Adown the winding road beside the brook A vine clad cottage stands upon the green; Full many years within this humble nook An honest yeoman and his wife have been— A still, sweet hamlet, where the even flow Of winter days and summer come and go.

A grassy strip of fruitful garden plot The narrow limits of their circle bound; A life of toil and labor is their lot. Yet, year by year, the family gathers round, And tho' one sunny child is missing, there The father calmly bows his head in prayer.

—Mabel Hayden in Jennes-Miller Magazine.

A Hero of a Practical Joke.

A young man of about 25 is just now the hero of a select circle of friends in the southern section of the city, and in view of his peculiar history he quite deserves to be lionized. Five years ago he was a clerk in a bank on a meager salary, and one time some of the same devoted friends of these days thought it would be a good joke to pretend the bank had been robbed, and warn him that he was suspected. This a number did, only they called him up about midnight, so as to give the joke a more natural appearance. After telling him that two hours before burglars had stolen \$50,000 in bank notes, they added that the police were now on the way to arrest him as a suspect.

It so happened that he had but two hours before been in the vicinity of the bank, and fearful of not being able to prove an alibi, he gathered his available belongings together and caught an early morning train for the north. Of course there was a big row in the vicinity of the young fellow's home and his funny friends had to leave town. Fortunately the young fellow was a bachelor, and he was not hunted up. Recently he wrote to an old acquaintance here from Canada, and the latter in replying to the long lost youth told him the truth about the bank joke. Then the young fellow came back, but not as he went away. He rode in a parlor car and swelled around in a hack. He had gone to Montreal and after the first shock had settled down to work and gradually by lucky speculation had grown rich.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

Graves in the Crimea.

Some interesting results were obtained from the archeological explorations carried on in the Crimea during last summer. Professor Veselovski found painted human bones in two graves—six skeletons in one grave and one in another. The well known archeologist Professor Grempler, of Breslau, who was present last year at the congress of archeologists at Moscow, is of opinion that these graves belonged to the original inhabitants of the Crimea, the Cimmericians of Herodotus. It was a usage with them to lay their dead on elevated spots so that the birds might consume the flesh. When quite bleached they painted the skeletons with some mineral pigment. Graves containing such painted skeletons have been found in Central Asia, but only in a few instances. Only three such graves had been previously found in the Crimea. Professor Grempler proposes to take the skeletons with him to Paris, and exhibit them at the congress of anthropologists to be held there during the autumn.—Boston Transcript.

Damages for a Delayed Message.

The state supreme court of North Carolina has confirmed the action of the lower court which awarded to J. T. Young, of Craven county, N. C., \$10,000 damages against the Western Union Telegraph company. It is represented that last year "Young's wife was taken very ill in Columbia, S. C. Mr. Young was at New Bern, N. C., and his wife telegraphed him that she was sick, and requested him to come to her at once. He did not get the message until six days later, and in the meantime Mrs. Young died and was buried, Young not knowing of either fact till all was over."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Fascinating Painting.

A Russian artist, Nicolai, has set Berlin agog by exhibiting his painting of Christ before Pilate. It is said to be horribly fascinating, and the salon where it is displayed is crowded to suffocation. Critics agree that it is vastly inferior to Munkacsy's painting of the same title, so far as art is concerned, but they admit that it has power.—Kate Field's Washington.

As the neck dressings grow larger, richer, showier in texture and more versatile in form, the scarf pins, as if regulated by a temporizing hand, become more chastely simple in design. A plain old gold ball of the circumference of a five cent silver piece, studded with turquoise—a revived pattern—is very distinctive.

Pipes are coming into fashion again, but only in offices and out of sight of the public. Possibly the time will come when a man will feel justified in producing a pipe in the smoking compartment of a car here, or in strolling along the street with one, after the fashion of the young clerks in England.

The French minister of war lately offered a prize for the swiftest bird in a flight from Perigueux to Paris, 310 miles. There were 2,746 entries, and the winner did the distance in seven hours and thirty-four minutes.

The greatest height in the atmosphere at which the sound of cannon has been heard was 20,000 feet, when Mr. Glisher at that height over Birmingham heard the firing of the guns being proved there.

An Old Slave's Romance.

A colored woman, bent nearly double with eighty years and a heavy bundle, was seen to board the Cincinnati Mail line packet yesterday afternoon. Approaching the clerk of the boat she slowly untied a knot in the corner of her red bandana handkerchief and produced enough cash to purchase a deck ticket for Cincinnati. The wrinkled and feeble old negress is the heroine of a romance. In ante-bellum days she was a slave, and was owned by a planter near Asheville, N. C. At an early age she was married to a slave of the same master. By him she had several children. Over half a century ago her husband was taken from her and her children, and was sold to another planter. The woman continued to work on the North Carolina plantation, and in a short time was again married. Her whole family was then sold to a Virginia man.

When the emancipation proclamation was promulgated the family took advantage of their freedom and journeyed northward, finally taking up their home in Louisville. The husband died after the close of the war, and the children one by one left their mother to seek their fortunes elsewhere. The mother toiled and labored to make a livelihood. She heard nothing of her first husband until about a month ago, when one of her sons found that the old man was living in Newport, Ky. The old negress journeyed thither and found the husband of her youth. He had also been married the second time, and had several children by the second wife. The latter was dead, however, and the reunited couple decided to again live together. The woman returned to Louisville, disposed of her effects, and yesterday afternoon completed the romance of fifty years by returning to her husband.—Louisville Post.

The Dangers of Railroad.

"There is no branch of railroading that is safe," is a saying among men who make their living on the iron rails, and a man's long service and skillful knowledge do not throw absolute safeguards about him. Poor Martin Ryan, who had the science of railroading down to the finest notch, was killed by his own train after eighteen years of service. Hubert Graham, a yard man of Richmond, who worked for the Pennsylvania company twenty-five years, was struck by a pony engine a few days ago. Samuel Morgan's body was brought here last night. Morgan was an engineer on the Jeffersonville, Madison and Indianapolis for thirty years. Advancing age incapacitated him from running an engine, and he was given charge of a water station at Marshfield, near Scottsburg. Night before last he was run down by a freight train and killed. "Did you notice that six out of ten railroad men die violent deaths if they continue in the business?" said a conductor last evening. "If they don't it's because they leave the railroad service."—Indianapolis News.

Tokens of Esteem for the Pope.

The sisters of Notre Dame convent, at Cincinnati, are sending to Rome for presentation to the pope a white vellum manuscript of fifty pages, elaborately illuminated and bound in covers, with designs by one of the nuns. The pages are painted by seven sisters chosen for the purpose from the thirty-seven houses of the order in the United States. There are three addresses—one to Leo XIII, one to Cardinal Gibbons and a third to Archbishop Elder, a portrait accompanying each dedication. There is a sketch of the American branch of the order since its foundation in 1840, a poem by a nun, with illustrations; views of the mother house at Namur, Belgium, and of the Ohio house, bits of landscape and decorative fancies.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Fourteen Cents Capital.

The possession of how much money does it require to save a man from the charge of being a pauper? Lately a ship load of 525 Italians was landed at New York city, and the cash capital they brought with them averaged just fourteen cents each. A man in a strange land and unacquainted with the language of the country, who possesses fourteen cents, may not be a pauper, but, unless he is willing to work and hustle to secure employment, he is likely to become one very shortly after his arrival.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Her Trial.

Mrs. Bingo—What do you expect to give your husband for Christmas? Mrs. Honeymoon—I told him the other day I thought I should give him some neckties.

Mrs. Bingo—And I heard him tell my husband afterward that he wouldn't wear them.

Mrs. Honeymoon—That's the worst of it. John thinks so much of the things I give him, and is so careful of them, that I have the hardest kind of work to get them on him.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Unlucky Number Nineteen.

A peculiar coincidence connected with the last primary for the legislature has just come to light. It will be remembered that Mr. Cobb was defeated by nineteen votes. Since then it has been remembered that his father was defeated by nineteen votes and his grandfather by the same number. We do not know whether Mr. Cobb is twice 19 years old, but to complete the coincidence he ought to be.—Athens (Ga.) Banner.

A Light Voter.

Deer Isle claims the "lightest" voter at the last election—John O. Robbins, who weighs but 29 pounds. Owing to his diminutive size Robbins was lifted to the ballot box by Mr. J. W. Green, and much interest was manifested in the little fellow's movements. He is 25 years old.—Portland (Me.) Press.

In the Lurly Caverns.

The Guide—This is the Giants' cham-

North Dalles to the Front.

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Many letters continue to arrive from the Sound making inquiries and in most cases purchasing. We confidently expect to see not less than fifty houses under way by the beginning of the new year. Mark what we say. Lots will advance rapidly at North Dalles.

For further information address O. D. Taylor, President & General Manager of the Interstate Investment Co., The Dalles, Or.

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